

11/11/78

the best of friends

she was a "frisco" poet
dressed in black
wearing knee-high boots.
she drank vodka
blew offensive smoke at the ceiling
while other poets read.
her poems were as friendly
as pissing on the pope
letting me know she'd knock me
on my ass if i so much as looked
at hers.

she left with the poet who had
read just before her
(his poems being tormented
closet-homosexual screams)
and they looked like they were
the best of friends.

2/1/79

workweek

mondays, i approach my job with the attitude
of an offensive guard. only i can truly appreciate
what i have to do. i don't want the glory,
only recognition of the fact that i'm there.

on tuesdays, i feel more sure of myself than the day
before, but like the defensive tackle, i hold my ground,
don't take any chances. it only takes a cleverly
disguised draw play to keep me honest.

wednesdays will find me cradling the ball
as i attempt to go wide, stutter-stepping all the way,
looking for that moment of hesitation created by
a good head fake. then, darting through the line,
dodging arms and shoulders like a scared rabbit
zigzagging between the trees. and even though i hear
footsteps, i can never look over my shoulder, knowing
the moment i begin to do so my game will never
be the same.

thursdays are do or die. like the wide receiver
running that dreaded pattern over the middle,
at the mercy of sadistic linebackers and defensive backs,
i wonder why i do it. leaping into the air with antelope
grace and abandon, i prepare myself for the blow that

will leave my head ringing for the rest of the day,
my body wracked with suicidal pain. but if i'm lucky,
i'll catch 'em with their thumbs up their asses, and
before they can disengage 'em, i'll race past, make a
1st down, keep the drive alive.

on fridays, like the polished quarterback, i've got my
ground game established, allowing me to fill the stadium
air with beautiful, spiraling bombs that descend with an
accuracy that would have given even hitler a hard-on.

i'm looking good, really good.
and slowly i begin to realize why somebody
created this crazy game.

2/26/79
outta luck

imagine that you have just walked
into a party, ready to have a good time
a wild time
cause the smoke in the air don't smell like
anything out of Marlboro Country
making one ponder what juan valdez really
grows in colombia.
when all of a sudden this guy you haven't seen
since high school corners you, starts talking
about his 35 grand a year, his 280-Z, his ex-wife,
his bachelor pad and regular jacuzzi orgies
under warm summer skies at the swinging singles
apartment complex.
then he has the nerve to ask,
"so what do you do?"
if you've got style, you don't tell him to
fuck off,
you tell him that you're a poet and walk out
the same way you came in.
but if your thirst demands immediate attention
and he's bought the beer
then you're shit outta luck.

3/7/79
guilty, with an explanation (a 380 dollar poem)

it wasn't my fault, your honor.
the evening just started out bad.
1st, i got my ass kicked at the pool table
not once, but five times. it may not be the same